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# THE AMERICAN M<sup>C</sup>ALL RECORD

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# THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

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Our President and Dr. Parkhurst returned from Europe on September 20, after several months of rest and refreshment, chiefly in Switzerland. Mrs. Parkhurst spent several days in Paris, but we go to press too early to be able to give any report of her impressions of work.

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Those of our friends who have not yet received copies of the Report of the Annual Meeting are urged to send to the Bureau and ask for a copy. It is especially important that those who cannot attend the annual convention should learn what took place there; while those who were delegates to the meeting will be particularly interested in reviving their memories of what there occurred. Some of the papers read were of unusual value and interest, and will furnish admirable material for meetings of the Auxiliaries.

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Writing of some new plans for the furtherance of the work, Mr. Greig adds: "Progress is made; not in the mass, or showily, but one by one they are brought to Christ, and the level of Christian life is raised. I do not much sympathize with the cry for 'pentecostal times.' Our audiences, and France in general, are not ready for that; and we should be content to work on steadily without repining at the smallness of the apparent results or clamoring for some great upheaval. One man, brought to Christ in that hall, and whom even now we use a little on our platforms, I have some hope of being able to train as an evangelist. If I succeed, what may be the ultimate result of that one quiet conversion?"

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Advance sheets of the Paris Report have arrived, but too late for any part of them to be translated for this issue of the RECORD. The annual meeting of the Mission was held in Paris on the 16th of April, Pastor B. Couve presiding, in the unavoidable absence of M. Sautter. The chief interest of the meeting, which was a very happy one, centred in the address given by Pastor E. Gounelle, of Roubaix, who told of the work he and his colleagues are carrying on in the great industrial centres of Roubaix and Lille. Two large buildings have been erected in these two cities, called each "La Solidarité," and they serve as rallying points for a number of Christian efforts. The temperance work is actively carried on with much blessing, and the evangelistic meetings, children's schools, and many other meetings are all well attended. Prayer-meetings are held at which as many as fifteen or sixteen take part, all of them converts from Catholicism.

In the death of the Rev. William Garden Blaikie, D.D., of Edinburgh, the Mission has lost one of its oldest and most valued friends. Professor Blaikie was the President of the Edinburgh Committee, and the Directors had in him a most kind, true, and wise friend, always ready to help by counsel and advice.

Dr. Blaikie's name is known everywhere, and he was a man of world-wide influence. His knowledge of and interest in all that took place on the Continent was great, and he followed with closest interest the movements in the evangelical churches in this land. On his last visit to France, in 1897, he told Mr. Greig that he had been impressed, as never before, with the immense importance of the work there, and the urgent need there was for British Christians to support in every way the Protestant Churches and mission work in France and Italy. This Mission can ill spare such a friend.

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Mention has already been made of the itinerating work lately undertaken by the Mission. In the early summer two of our French helpers, Messrs. Nezer-eau and Creissel, made a second round among the hamlets and villages near to Paris, this time going to the department of the Eure. In all twenty-three places were visited, and several meetings were held amidst many difficulties. But the work done was well worth the time and trouble expended, and it has again shown the great importance of this kind of evangelization, which lack of means and workers only prevent the Board from carrying on more regularly.

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The new boat is rapidly approaching completion. Funds to defray the entire cost of construction have been received, but the need still remains of funds for furnishing and finishing. Here is an excellent opportunity for special gifts from auxiliaries.

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As the new season opens we would once again urge upon our friends to see that their Sunday-school libraries contain all the books that tell about the McAll Mission. Dr. Bonar's "The White Fields of France," is by no means antiquated, and it is as fascinating—we will not say "as a novel," for that is to do scant justice to its charm—as fascinating as a very thrilling true story told by a most gifted writer would naturally be. Then there are Miss Moggridge's "Among the French Folk," and "A Voice from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire," not to mention "Fifine," and the "Cruise of the Mystery." Those of us who can read French must be sure to procure the *French* edition of "Dr. McAll's Life," which contains much which is not in the English edition.

## THE AFTERGLOW AT BUFFALO.

Our Auxiliary has had two red-letter days in its recent calendar. I refer to those spent in the First Congregational Church, listening to a body of noble, gifted and spiritually-minded women, who assembled there in the interests of France. The propriety of our helping to support evangelistic missions in that country has been questioned by intelligent people. France is said to be one of the richest and most powerful countries in the world, possessed of a fine climate, great agricultural and commercial advantages, its capital a centre of civilization and refinement; why should foreigners attempt to elevate and christianize the lower classes? I recently saw an answer to the question which is this: Less than one-fortieth of the population is Protestant, not more than one church to 40,000 persons, congregations poor and pastors meagerly paid, and yet this writer asserts that taking all things into account, no churches anywhere, are doing more, proportionately, for Christ than the Protestant churches of France are doing to-day. He might have added that most of the thirty-nine-fortieths do not care much for the gospel themselves, and it would be unfair to expect them to bestow it upon others.

Our city ought to feel particularly favored in having the annual meeting here; and we feel sure that this is the case, judging by the cordial hospitality extended to the delegates, and also by the large attendance at these meetings.

To be present was a rare privilege, as few of us attend conventions in distant cities. We can glean much from the reports, if we have access to them; but there is an inspiration that comes from seeing and hearing the speakers which we cannot get from the printed page. The influence for good extends farther than our own city, farther than the home societies, for in the assembling of large bodies of intelligent people there is an interchange of thought that is valuable. We become more fully impressed with what is being done for the uplifting of mankind and the enlargement of Christ's Kingdom. We hear of personal sacrifices being made at home that the good work may be extended. We are stimulated by the presence of some returned missionaries, who bring us words of encouragement from important fields. For in the midst of their trials, vexations and perplexities, there is a bright side, their labor is bringing forth fruit. All this has a tendency to arouse within us a new inspiration and enthusiasm which we shall impart to others just in proportion as we have received it ourselves.

These delegates came to us well-informed as to the needs of those to whom our country ministers. Some of them brought practical knowledge; as representatives appointed by the Board they have been on the ground and made thorough investigation of the work being carried on in Paris and the provinces.



Others who addressed us have of their own accord while traveling visited Salles, churches and mission boat, thereby gleaned much information which they passed on to us.

Besides their reports we were favored with a stirring address from the Rev. Dr. Thurber, who having spent ten years of his pastorate in Paris, and being a member of the McAll Board of Directors, could tell us better perhaps than any other person, what is being accomplished by our Mission.

Those of us who had become somewhat lukewarm received a new impulse, and hope to be stimulated to greater activity; certainly a spirit of inquiry has been aroused among those who formerly felt no interest in the work. It would almost seem impossible that anyone could attend all these meetings and not find her heart go out in loving sympathy toward those who are without the gospel, and who are desirous of obtaining it. But it will not do to let this all end in expressions of sympathy; our gifts must go with our good wishes and prayers.

A programme may be exceptionally fine, carried out to the letter, reports from the different stations encouraging, everything harmonious; but generally before the close the officers are under the necessity of informing us of the depleted condition of the treasury. This year was no exception.

France willing to hear the gospel, consecrated men and women ready to extend the work, but scarcely funds enough to continue that already begun. This makes one envy the indomitable perseverance of the—not the saints, simply the Pan-American Commissioners. The gigantic enterprise which they have undertaken involves an immense amount of labor, great responsibility, great nervous exhaustion, but they work day and night, in season and out of season. A foreign war being waged is no obstacle in the way of finance. They give this work their first and best thought; for in nothing short of this can they hope to succeed. Their enthusiasm zeal and unflagging industry are examples to us and worthy of being imitated by the members of the McAll Auxiliary.

The president and other officers of the Association in emphasizing the need of more funds, and urging us to greater activity, reminded us of the need of more prayer and a greater consecration. Our conscience tells us that our contributions should be voluntary, given with love and joy in self-sacrifice. If there be entire consecration and dedication to God of all that we possess, then shall we fully realize that the money is His, and be willing to use it for the advancement of His Kingdom.

A BUFFALO MEMBER.

## A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

BY ONE ON THE FIELD.

"God bless the man who first thought of preaching the Gospel in a shop;" thus spoke an aged woman of eighty years to him who had recently become her pastor, "for I never would have put my foot in a church. I had had enough of them. But now when I am sad I take my hymn book which I have got by my attendance tickets, and read a verse, humming it. You never will know how much good those hymns have done me."

This, my friends, is new proof that the methods introduced by Mr. McAll in January, 1872, are not out of date. The Gospel put within the reach of all, preached in a shop, put into a hymn, given without money and without price. And lest any one say that this sort of Gospel work may do for old women, but won't do for strong-headed men with firm convictions or fixed opinions, I borrow from the same report, from which I have just quoted, another incident which refutes such objections.

"Last November the speaker was interrupted by a man very much excited and who insisted upon speaking. With some difficulty he was persuaded to wait until the close of the meeting. We had scarcely finished, before he said to Mr. M.: "How is it, sir, that you who certainly appear serious and intelligent can talk such nonsense, you cannot surely believe what you say. I am an anarchist, and I am sure there is no God." Mr. M. shook him by the hand, and said: "Well, come again anyhow, you will always be welcome, and we will talk over these matters together." He came several times afterwards, and appeared very attentive, the hymns especially pleased him. One day after listening to the story of Jesus pardoning the woman taken in adultery, he was struck with the words: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and said to Mr. M.: "After all I begin to like your Christ, and am coming again, for I want to know more about him." The subject for the following Friday was The Prayer of the Pharisee and the Publican. "Well, you see," said he, "in the religious world there are just such folks as your Pharisee and they have set me astray." Then Mr. M. had quite a long talk with him, and tried to show him that we must look to Jesus only as our example and not to men. We saw nothing of him for some weeks, when one day they came to tell us that an anarchist was very ill, and that he wanted to see the gentleman who had the meetings. We went at once, and the poor fellow could only clasp my hand, and say: "Thank you, I understand all, all, Christ, my Saviour." It was full time for him to have found his way into the Salle, that he might there find the Friend of Sinners, his Saviour.

The reports which I have from our eighty-eight stations in Paris and the promises are certainly of a hopeful, joyful tone: "I am greatly encouraged;"

"There is visible progress." "Our meetings prosper." "My impression is that this has been the best year since the station was opened." "I am rejoicing." "On the whole we are going forward." "I feel that we are not far from a general awakening." These are some of the expressions which drop from the pens of our fellow laborers, and they witness beyond a doubt to the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. For side by side with these general declarations I find facts which confirm them. Thus they write us from Cannes :

"A work of spiritual advancement is evident here, manifested by increased fervor and activity among many of our hearers. The prayer meetings have been more largely attended and more fervent." "Two women," writes another, "who have just been received into the Reformed Church, study the Word of God together every day, and the progress they have made in the knowledge of Christ astonishes me more and more each day." These two signs, earnest prayer meetings and great eagerness in the study of the Scriptures are decisive. The blessing of God will not be withheld when it is earnestly sought for and daily progress is made in the knowledge of His Word. And of the two, in my opinion, it is the study of the Bible which is the sweet guarantee of spiritual growth. That enthusiasm which is begotten of a warm lively prayer meeting may be short-lived and followed by increased indifference, but the study of the Bible always produces an effect, the mind is fed, the intelligence is awakened, and the will strengthened. Therefore, it is with special pleasure that I read a paragraph like the following: "At Nantes our meetings for Bible study have largely contributed in training up our young people to our work. They have been attended by an average of twenty, of whom nine were received into the Reformed Church on Whitsunday. They are all heads of families, and send their children to the Sunday and Thursday Schools, where we observe with joy that they take rank with the best scholars." And here in Paris there have been organized to my knowledge three of these meetings for Bible study since New Year's Day, in addition to those already existing, and always with the object of growing in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Some have criticized the unmoved quiet of the audiences in our ordinary meetings, and have even gone so far as to wish that we could get rid of our all-the-year rounders. I know of no better way of replying to such criticism than to quote in full the testimony of pastor Charlier, of Epernay, who has had charge of the station opened in that town six years ago, after the visit of the *Bon Messenger*, our missionary boat—"That which most strikes the strangers who from time to time visit our Hall is the seriousness and devotional spirit of our auditors. You would think yourself in church, and the attitude of our hearers is truly edifying. At prayer all rise with one accord, and never



a single protest, which is certainly very remarkable in a community so socialistic and materialistic as ours, where, as a rule, everything of a religious character is the subject of ridicule. It is curious to observe the effect produced on those who come for the first time. At first they have a sly look, a mocking smile comes over their faces, by and by they seem interested, and at last they are won. Only yesterday I observed the same thing in the case of a man of thirty whom I had never seen before. He seemed absolutely stupefied at hearing religious subjects treated seriously, and on leaving the meeting expressed the hope of seeing a meeting of like character established in another quarter of the town. On the whole, the longer I go on the more I am convinced that these meetings supply a real want. It is six years now that they have been carried on ; I have spoken hundreds of times, I have often been obliged to repeat myself, time lacking for special preparations, nevertheless the audience has always listened with the same attention and the same respect. My colleague from Troissy, Pastor Vincent, comes to help me from time to time, and I am very thankful for his aid. Yesterday again he conducted the meeting and looking upon this hundred of sympathetic faces before him, he said : ' How encouraging this is, you are fortunate in having such hearers.' I owe it all to your committee, and I desire to express my deep gratitude. I hope you will be able to continue your aid. But if you should be compelled to withdraw it, I do not think I should have the courage to give up the work, or to inflict upon the good people who come every week to hear the truth, so severe a disappointment."

Can we believe, my friends, that such a spirit of consecration on the one hand, and such zeal in seeking the truth on the other, can fail of their reward? Surely not; and the station at Epernay is not the only one where the Gospel is making its way without noise, without show, and also without a halt or a backward step.

If it be difficult for us to estimate at its true value the work going on before our very eyes, what shall we say of the individual results of our labors, of the testimony by word or act to the Gospel by those who frequent our halls? "Madame Jules," writes one of our lady helpers, "is the grandmother of little Germaine, who is only four years old and learns the hymns very easily and the scripture verses also. At evening when grandfather comes home she jumps on his knee and says: 'Now grandpa, I am Madame C. and you must learn your verses.' Then she makes him repeat them until he knows them, which affords a great deal of amusement to the good grandmother, who also knows them by heart herself."

Another lady speaks after this fashion of the members of her young girls' meeting, all of whom, without exception, work in the factories or workshops of

the neighborhood: "It is here in these centres of demoralization that the handmaids of Jesus Christ are called to exercise their ministry. It is here that by their lives they can witness to what the grace of God can work in a human heart. It is here that they can speak humbly and simply to their companions of the strength which they have found in God, strength which sustains them in their moments of temptation and of suffering, and so have been able to save others from falling and from acts of despair. If there are sneers and sometimes persecution to be borne, it must be acknowledged that our Christian girls are respected, and even that in their company vulgar and improper conversation is dropped. 'Let us hold our tongues,' you hear it said as they are going through the workshops, 'there are ears here which were not made to listen to what we are saying.' Our girls distribute a great many tracts and Scripture portions in the workshops, and circulate books taken from the Union's library. One of them has in this manner completely cured one of her comrades of romance-reading by giving her stirring missionary stories, and by reading to her at the noon meal tracts and healthy literature."

#### TORONTO.

Delegates to the Buffalo Convention will recall the pleasure with which two delegates from Canada were welcomed to our Annual Meeting. It is our strong desire that the tie between the Auxiliaries of Canada and the United States should be that of an ever-growing friendship, and the RECORD will gladly give space to such items of news from over the border as will help to form such a tie. We are grateful to the sender of the following item:

"The closing meeting for the season of the Toronto Auxiliary of the McAll Mission was held on June 1, at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Murrich; the president, Mrs. S. C. Duncan-Clark, in the chair. The report of the annual convention of the American McAll Association, recently held in Buffalo, was given by Miss Caven, the Canadian delegate. An encouraging letter from Mr. Soltau, of Paris, acknowledging the receipt of \$903, the second instalment from the Canadian Association, was also read by Miss Caven. An article read by Mrs. Davidson showed strongly the imperative need of mission work in France. A solo by Miss Helen Bertram and a few parting words from the president urging on those present the necessity of remembering the work during the summer vacation, and by literature and other means spreading the interest, brought the meeting to a close.

## THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE AT MÉNILMONTANT (SALLE HARTFORD.)

EMMA M. TYNG.

I kept my calendar in view and the date carefully marked, one is so apt to forget in the whirl and fatigue of Paris. Miss Bulkley's card of invitation read, "Thursday morning, June 22d, at 8.15, No. 39 Rue Ménilmontant."

I looked forward to the evening with great pleasure and interest. Alas, when I looked out Thursday morning the tall white houses across the street were in sheets of rain. It poured all day, but cleared a little about 6 o'clock. The streets were muddy and sticky, but it was the children's fête and I knew all would go merrily on; for happy hearts do not mind a little rain, so I girded myself and started forth. It was a long, long way, dear young friends, and I wish some of you had been with me, in the great heavy omnibus as it rumbled along the broad paved boulevard, as they call the chief streets, with trees, in Paris. Finally we came to a broad square or circle, in the centre of which was a tall bronze column with a flying figure on top; the Place de la Bastille. There many omnibuses meet, I got down with my little pink ticket of transfer, and climbing into another omnibus, off we went in a different direction for nearly half an hour. At last the conductor called out "Ménilmontant." And there I was nearly in front of the hall, it was only a bit up the street.

I knew well the brightly-lighted windows with the white ground glass below, and the Bible texts above, and the door half opened on the street and the good janitor standing there to make every one welcome. I remembered it all from last summer's visit. The sight that greeted me when I entered was very cheery. Not the rows of benches, one before the other as usual, but many little tables and groups of happy children sitting around them with their fathers and mothers. The tables were each covered with shining paper in three colors, red, white and deep blue, making the tri-color of the French flag. On the white stripes in the centre of each table was a vase of beautiful flowers, roses, daisies and feathery grasses. On the walls were some of the attractive pictures of the Sunday-school rolls. The lights burned brightly, the faces of the children were smiling, and their eyes full of eagerness and joy.

On the platform Miss Bulkley sat behind the organ and there, too, were many flowers. A young girl stood by Miss Bulkley, she was singing a welcome to the springtime, in a sweet clear voice. Can you not see the picture? Think of it a moment and you will. Well you know what it means to have recitations and choruses and all that. One little girl made an address to her doll, and she held the doll in her hand and talked to her as if she were really alive, and the doll in her pretty clothes was quite well behaved and attentive.

The boys, too, spoke and did very, very well; all seemed to enjoy doing their part.

There was a pause in the exercises. Mr. Creissel began to adjust his magic lantern, which stood in the front of the platform. We knew what was coming, as we had seen the sheet hanging against the opposite wall. Down went the lights and Mr. Creissel began to tell the story of "little Madelaine" and her efforts to win her father from the bad habit of passing all his evenings and spending much money at the saloon in the street not far off. Poor little Madelaine! We saw her first standing in front of her kind teacher, who asks her why her hair is uncombed, her apron torn and she so unhappy. Madelaine tells her, and the teacher gives her good counsel. Next we see the little girl in her poor home, sweeping the floor and doing all she can to make it look bright and cheerful. So the story goes on from picture to picture. Madelaine gets her father to help her in the evening with her lessons until it grows late, and then she begs him not to go out. His head gets clearer and he begins to see and think. And the poor wife wishes for a day in the country, with the little baby; the father gives her the money and they all go happily together. At last we see the father passing the saloon, where so much of his earnings had gone and he waves an adieu, a good-bye to it. He means with God's help to drink no more, to save his earnings so he may have a little home for his family. Such applause, such applause greeted the picture of the father as he signed the temperance pledge with Madelaine by his side. She will be a memory and an example for many a long day to those French children. Mr. Creissel made the story very lively and animated.

After the pictures came the cake and lemonade and the merry chatting. You know at home how pleasant this time is.

The third part of the programme was closed by giving three prizes. One, the beautiful doll we had seen; the second was a large drum; the third, a special prize, was given by M. Matter of Rouen, who was there. His prize was a large boat painted blue with a white sail, and on this sail a blue Maltese or square cross—a temperance boat—The Blue Cross Society. Oh! how happy the three children were who received these prizes. Every child was given a bunch of flowers, and then it was good night, as the clock said half-past ten. I was so glad to have a share in it all.

And you, too, of the Sunday-schools in America, have a share in these French schools, for many of you help to keep them bright and cheery by your contributions of money and cards and picture rolls. Do not get tired of this cause, nor forget to give each year what you can to make life bright for these children. They need you and your help. They have not the sweet lives of the children in America, nor the Bible stories, nor Sabbath schools, as we have.

Many of them, as soon as they are old enough, are put as apprentices in some great factory, and day after day they work hard for only a few cents' pay. The young girl who sang, Miss Bulkley told me, worked in a pin factory, and her business was to put the large, jet heads on steel pins.

They delight to come to the McAll Sunday-school, and their parents are happy to have them taught something of God and better things. So, remember, dear friends to whom this story of the little *fête* of Ménilmontant goes, that it is only a small part of a great work here in France. There are many other Sunday-schools like this, where there are kind, loving teachers, who are putting good thoughts and God's Word into these bright little minds. They need your faithful help and prayers. Never think it does not matter if you should forget your pennies or your prayers. It matters very deeply. You know what it would be to have lights along the road through a dark forest at night, and how you would miss one light that went out. Do not let your light in France go out, but make it brighter and stronger, as you well can.

FONTAINEBLEAU, July 2, 1899.

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#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

[From *The Evangelist*.]

It is late to give details of the anti-alcoholic congress held in Paris during the month of March, but our readers will be interested to hear some of its results. It has everywhere stirred up a deep curiosity on the subject, and the discussions and the facts brought out by confident specialists have awakened a great anxiety for the future of our country, now threatened in its moral, social and material existence.

Alcoholism is to-day "*the national peril*," "the enemy—there it is!" Such is the theme reiterated in magazines and reviews in the effort to make all Frenchmen conscious of the gravity of the situation, and I must confess that their picture of our actual state is simply appalling.

Here, among others, are a few facts from Dr. Brunon's report on *Alcoholism in Normandy*. If his statements are correct, and it is difficult to gainsay them, we are, in plain words, among all the nations of Central Europe, the one that suffers most by alcoholic poisoning. It is rather humiliating for our national pride, but there is the fact.

In the north of France, Brunon says whole villages are dwindling and dying out like the Red Indian before the white man, the one cause being strong drink. That terrible plague is especially at work to-day among the women in Normandy. For a time men alone drank to excess, now it is the fashion for wives and mothers. One can imagine what will become of the children born in such circumstances. Girls working in factories seldom get drunk, but they



poison themselves regularly, though unconsciously. In the morning, before leaving home, they have coffee with brandy, or soup made with alcohol. At eleven, a herring with a penny worth of coffee and four pence of brandy. At night they very often drink the same amount. What may become of a woman at thirty, whose diet has for years been such as this !

The habits of those who remain at home are quite as bad. In nine dwellings out of ten the bottle of alcohol (and of the most adulterated alcohol !) remains continually on the table, and the wife or the children empty it every day by incessant little "brimmers." A female cook used to drink every day daily twelve or sixteen little glasses. Many women among work people, or even in the *demi-bourgeoisie*, carry always in their pocket a small bottle which they have filled for three pence, and which is incessantly at their lips, just as some people take snuff. Some *concièrges* are known to have spent three francs in one day for brandy. There are misers supported by the *bureau de bienfaisance*, who buy as much as *one franc* worth of alcohol *per day* ! A woman sold the wool of her mattress for brandy enough for a spree !

According to Dr. Rey, another authority on the subject, there is also an increasing love of brandy in the south of France, and specially at Marseilles. In that town the consumption of alcohol has been trebled in eighteen years.

A cry of despair has lately been uttered by the President of the great Synod of our Reformed Church held in Bordeaux. In the name of all the friends of our spiritual welfare, M. le Pasteur Bruguère read a letter from a clergyman, and declared he made it his own, in which it was explained that in the centre of a rich district, and in a prosperous parish, there have been last year three births and twenty burials ! In the large town of Toulouse, in 1898, there have been thirty-three baptisms, fifty-two deaths—that is to say, one hundred births for one hundred and fifty-seven deaths, and such things happen not only in Toulouse, but in many other places.\*

How is this to be explained ? There are several reasons to be accounted for, as an explanation of such a frightful decrease of our Protestant congregations. But surely, a prevalent selfishness, a terrible and degrading love for money, an outrageous defiance of the tender and fatherly love and protection of God, are the leading influences that create this alarming state of things. In this and in many other occurrences or deficiencies of our moral and national condition, we can trace the deadly influence of Rome, with its want of personal

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\*It is possible to explain these facts more hopefully than appears on the surface. On the one hand, as the records of the McAll Mission show, nominal Catholics or free-thinkers among the very poor are beginning to seek Protestant burial as much less expensive than Catholic ; on the other hand, baptism is not so often sought as a mere matter of custom now that men and women are thinking more intelligently on religious subjects. Still the evil which our correspondent deplores does exist.

and spiritual godliness. Religion has become for her, not a living and loving consecration to the God who is a Father and Redeemer, but a catalogue of actions ordered by a priesthood which *volens volens*, destroys or lessens that divine institution the family.

J. E. CERISIER.

### ALL ONE IN THIS HOUSE.

REV. S. R. BROWN.

In reading the Acts of the Apostles one often meets with "Thou and thy house," the story of families saved. Such instances have occurred in our Hall, and I send you a case in point.

Mme Lemoisie lived in a small provincial town where clerical influence was great, and she was constrained to attend the Roman Catholic Church, but sometimes she slipped her chain and went to the Temple, resolving in her mind that if ever she got to the land of liberty (Paris), she would seek out a Protestant meeting. "Do you see, sir, I was of your religion without knowing it," she said. The days of liberty arrived, but though living near us, no one could or would tell where to find what she sought.

At last, "God directed me," she said: "God sent me to Rivoli. Oh, happy day when I came here!" She is not a woman to hide her candle under a bushel, but a warm-hearted, energetic, demonstrative woman, and she soon made known her new-found joy. "I am so happy! God is with me—I know that He hears my prayers, and I must bring my husband that he may be converted. We must all be of one religion," she said; and she succeeded. One Sunday she pushed her way to our desk, bringing her husband with her.

"My husband," she said, introducing him.

I welcomed him to our Hall!

"I want him to be of my faith, and be converted; he must be; we must all be one at our house."

I thought the good man less anxious to be converted than the wife to have him, but I felt, too, that he would be; what could withstand her love and zeal?

Calling lately to see her, she said: "You see, Mr. B., we have all joined the church of M. Monod, my husband and I, and my son has joined the Young Men's Christian Association. He is a good boy; and my second boy is in the Sunday-school. So we are all of one mind."

She brought two other families to our hall, and now they also are attached to M. Monod's church, M. Monod being the Wednesday preacher in Salle Rivoli.

Thus slowly but certainly a good work is doing; here and there a fruit is gathered, but we are still sowers of the good seed on a constant changing audience.

## MADEMOISELLE LOUISE MAURGUE.

REV. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

[From the *Evangelist*.]

The work in the *Rue Nationale* (Pittsburg and Allegheny) Hall has sustained a great loss through the decease of Mademoiselle Louise Maurgue.

When quite a young girl she had taught in the Sunday-school of the newly opened hall with her faithful friend, Mademoiselle Marie Taborié, whom we are still privileged to have amongst us. Her failing health obliged her to give up her class, but she never lost her interest and remained a most faithful and useful friend.

Louise Maurgue belonged to an old Huguenot family. She was a most accomplished woman and a good Greek and mathematical scholar. She had won the ladies' gold medal of the Sorbonne or Faculty of Arts of the University of Paris, and reminded me in many ways of the cultured women of the sixteenth century, such as Olympia Morata. Moreover there was nothing of the blue stocking about Mlle Maurgue, and she had to a remarkable degree the talent for conversation which is one of the greatest charms of a French woman. Her mother died early, as well as four of her brothers and sisters. Her father, a professor of mathematics, received pupils whom he coached for the entrance examinations to the "Ecole Polytechnique," the French Woolwich, and it was Mlle Louise's duty to make the house pleasant for them.

When seven years ago her father suddenly died and her younger brother entered the ministry she said to her pastor, M. Hollard, that now her life work was done; but he answered her that the Lord would surely find some new work for her to do, and so it was.

Mademoiselle Maurgue was not strong, but what her hand found to do she did with her might. There were a few young men who were in the habit of spending Sunday evening at her house. Was she to leave them to themselves now that she was alone, with theatres, public halls and evil resorts of all kinds opening wide their doors to receive them?\*

That she could not do, so without minding what evil tongues might say, she broke off resolutely from the time-honored Latin prejudices that reduce a maiden lady to a state of perpetual dependence and minority. She was too attractive and too young looking to be considered as an aunt; well, she might be an elder sister to them; and that she was to the last. Sunday evenings were happily spent with literature, conversation, reading letters from old friends, and were always concluded with singing hymns, mostly from our McAll hymn book. There were always some young ladies present, most of them preparing

\*It is not the custom in France to go to church on Sunday evening; only the McAll mission halls are open at that hour.

themselves at one of the great schools to face the battlefield of life. The numbers of the little Sunday evening society rapidly grew, one student bringing or introducing another.

Wishing to interest her young friends in work among the less privileged class, Mlle Maurgue founded the "*Bonne Volonté*," a literary and musical society that has given pleasant entertainments in the halls of the Mission, and especially in the Rue Nationale hall, which was always first in the founder's thought.

Although not often present, on account of her delicate health, she was truly the spirit that kept the society alive, notwithstanding the frequent changes in its membership. Mademoiselle Maurgue's young men were the living centre of the Protestant Students' Club of the University of Paris. It is a significant fact that, in the very heat of the Dreyfus affair, when the government was doing its best to stifle the voices that were protesting against illegality, when the French people were almost unanimous against Zola and Picquart, and the students were hooting and reviling the defenders of the unfortunate prisoner of the Ile du Diable, these young men were the first among the eighteen thousand students of Paris to take a stand for truth and justice, by writing a letter of sympathy to the noble officer who sacrificed his career and spent twelve months in prison for righteousness' sake.

Now many of the Sunday evening band are scattered abroad. M. Martin is professor of French Literature at the University of Glasgow; M. Beley is Master at the public schools in Algiers (North Africa); M. Dumas, formerly secretary to M. Trarieux when he was Minister of Justice, is a magistrate in Montpellier; M. Goepp is lecturing in the United States; M. Ghazel is at the head of the French Protestant schools in the Betzileo province, Madagascar, etc., etc. The influence which Mademoiselle Maurgue exercised over these and many others was truly remarkable. Skepticism, materialism and licentious living are evils which comparatively few young men escape in Paris. The utter lack of moral training, which is the great mistake in French education, makes the path of righteousness far more precipitous for the students of the University of Paris than is the case for those of Oxford or Harvard, and it is far more difficult to influence them for good.

When last Monday week I went to Mademoiselle Maurgue's apartment for her funeral, I met before the house Mr. Barbey, a clever young fellow who has recently become secretary to M. Labori, the distinguished defender of Zola in his famous trial, and of Dreyfus in the trial now so sadly closed. "You cannot imagine," said he, "what a loss her death is to me and to my friends. She was a saint, a true saint." An hour after, as the little company of young men was clustering behind the hearse laden with white wreaths,

Pastor Jean Monnier, the president of the Protestant Students' Club, said to me: "Three-quarters of the good that is done at my club is gone now, if Mademoiselle Maurgue is not replaced." What I have said of her influence will explain in what sense this word is to be taken. Such testimonies are worth more than many arguments.

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FROM LIMOGES.

BY ELSIE DE GARIS.

A good spirit seems to reign, and we are encouraged by the way the people seem to pay attention at the meetings. M. Roux, of Marseilles, a splendid evangelist, visited us last Autumn and held two consecutive meetings at the *Cours Bugeaud*. We had 94 persons the first night, and 109 the second, among them about 30 from the *Clos Ste. Marie*. The subjects were *Faith* and *The New Birth* and the people did not move as they listened. Then on Saturday night we asked those who wished to come to a special meeting, at which we had 30: five new people gave in their names, and asked us to visit them; one particularly I think is really learning; she never misses a meeting if she can possibly help it, and is saving her *bon points* for a Bible. A man and his wife came to the Christian Endeavor meetings; one poor man, who has tried ever so many times to leave off drinking, came over boldly to the Lord's side, and signed the pledge again in His strength and is keeping on; he comes to all the meetings with such a cheerful face, and responds to our questions with a fervent hand-shake and a hearty "*Oui, tout va bien*" (all is well). Among my "*jeunes filles*," I think two have been affected for good by these meetings. They came up from the *Clos Ste. Marie* to attend them. We have had three deaths so far among our people; one, a *petit communicant en drap*, an old man and a Protestant; he had always been to our meetings, and seemed fond of them, and was very good to us; then another man who was ill several months; we visited him and used to read and pray and have good conversations; he seemed to us to realize that Christ was his Saviour, but he was not sufficiently weaned from his old religion to wish for a Protestant funeral. The third, a girl of 16, had been ill for about nine months with a terrible scrofulous disease; it was difficult to go and see her. She had been a good child at the Sunday-school for two or three years, always reciting her verses and listening; we cannot know how it was with her soul. Her last words were "*Serai tout en blanc*" (shall be all in white). The fourth was a young woman of 29, leaving three little children. She died while both Mr. Boyer and I were away of galloping consumption; she had been rather irregularly to the Mother's meetings and had a new Testament. One of her neighbors, a Protestant, who had led her to the Salle, told me she had



read it a great deal at the end. She had refused to see a priest or to confess, and had spoken of something she had heard M. Boyer say at the Christmas fête. All these deaths made us feel how very superficial often is the work we can do ; how we can only touch the fringe, as it were, and how much seems almost lost ; but there are encouragements, and the harvest is great though the laborers are few, and the sinews of war are conspicuous by their absence. We could do so much if only we had a little more money.

I do not believe in presents and bribes, far from it, but we must have some attractions for the people. At the *Cours Bugeaud* hall I give nothing now, as the wool went too fast, and really cost me too much. My meetings fell off greatly ; I know those coming now come for the good of the meeting. I mean for the good they receive, but I am trying to devise a way of attracting the others without too much bribery. But it needs money. I have thought several times about opening a second meeting for women at the Clos ; but I do not see how to do it, without giving them something, and I do not want to launch into expenses I could not keep up. I have begun a second meeting of girls ; I think it will answer ; most of the girls seem to me really anxious for serious, earnest meetings ; I am going to try to do this meeting without any giving at all, but I do not know if it will work.

One of my women has to send her little boy to the hospital every day to have a wound dressed ; the Sisters ask him if he went to the "*messe*." "Oh, yes ; every Sunday morning, and I get a picture card." That puzzled the sister ; she told him to show her his *livre de messe*, whereupon he took her his new Testament, and she asked him to lend it to her, returning it a few days after without remark. One of my girls has also been to the hospital lately ; the sisters gave her a medal, and told her to pray to the Saint it represented to be cured. She said it would be no use, as she did not believe in the saints. The sister was so astonished she found nothing to say.

One little girl from the Clos told me the other day that her father would not let her go any longer to the mass, but encourages her to come to us ; another child said her father also sends her to our school ; and a third said that when she was old enough she would *faire ma première communion chez vous* (make my first communion with you).

There are several of our people ill, it is very hard for them, just when they might have plenty of work, and it is not strange that that discourages them, in their early faith ; they are so ignorant and like children still, but all the same we are pleased to see that they are learning to trust God in their trials.

Monday and Tuesday of this week we had a visit from two Englishmen, who visited us last year ; we had a very good meeting on Tuesday, 85

people, many of whom listened with evident seriousness. To-night we are going to have our meeting illustrated with lantern slides. The Mission has lent us a lantern for the winter; we hope to have some temperance subjects. Five of my girls have joined the Christian Endeavor Society, I believe them to be sincerely in earnest. Our schools are fairly satisfactory just now; we have about twenty really attentive, serious children at the *Clos Ste. Marie*, which is a progress, while at the *Cours Bugeaud* the majority of the children are attentive. The girls are all continuing to be regular and serious, they have such long hours that really they deserve praise for coming so well; it shows clearly why they come. Most of them have to leave home before seven, some before six in the morning, to get to their work, they have an hour for dinner, many live too far to go home; they are given a quarter of an hour for lunch in the afternoon about 4 o'clock. Some leave work at night fall, some at 7.30, many at 8, 9 and even 10, while some are now working till 11. Nine out of ten do not get their supper till they get back home after our meetings, not having time to go home between work and meeting, and several run all the way from work to the Salle, so as to arrive before the end of the meeting. Many are obliged to work at least a part of Sunday, and, as they are learning more of the mind of Christ, that is troubling them a good deal. One manages to work only one Sunday in three, but she suffers a good deal of persecution on that account, and that is their life every day, an occasional fête, or a death, or a marriage among their employers being their holidays. These are all girls in factories; the dressmakers, milliners and shop girls are nearly as badly off: one very nice girl indeed is worse off, she was just beginning to *prendre gout* (to take a fancy) for the meetings when she left school and went into a shop; now she leaves home at 7 a. m., has an hour in the middle of the day, returns home at 8.30 tired out, for she may not sit. Sundays the same, except once a month when she is free at noon; in this way a girl is absolutely cut off from every religious help. How is one to help girls like that?

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A man of modest but assured income has lately come to live in a small town near Limoges. There is a small Protestant church here which he wishes to join. He was formerly a Catholic but was converted by the McAll meeting in a provincial town. Those who taught had no personal acquaintance with him, and he does not even remember their names. How many there are who stop in as they pass our meeting halls to carry away some crumbs of the bread of life. How encouraging to learn that beyond the good results of what we see and note, the work is going on quietly, that escapes our sight, but is made manifest elsewhere.

## VARIOUS MEETINGS IN SALLE RIVOLI.

During the first year we had an average attendance of 100 persons at our Monday meetings ; now the average is 120, taking no account of stereopticon lectures, when there have been more than 400 persons present.

We have always made an endeavor to teach the people to sing heartily, for we have many excellent hymns in *La Croix Bleue* collection ; but it is difficult to get many to sing ; some are too old, others have no voice—most, I fear, have no ear.

One needs to know Paris to realize the great difficulty of temperance work. The amount of prejudice and ignorance to be destroyed is enormous, so that it is not wonderful that although the meetings are well attended, the number of pledges are small. Yet we have taken one hundred, and have formed a section of the Blue Cross of some thirty active members. These meet in the hall once a month for a chat, a cup of tea, and prayer. I believe good has been done and much useful knowledge diffused, and some enthusiasm for the cause of temperance inspired in a few.

HENRY S. BENHAM.

The Tuesday meeting has a special character. Plenty of singing at our first meeting ; then a singing practice at the close. We are fishers of men, and at Rivoli we catch fish by baiting our hooks with a popular hymn. "I love the Tuesday meetings," several persons have said to me, "because of the lively service of song." So we have resolved to organize our singers in such a way as to bring down—not the ceiling ; oh, no!—but to break down the religious prejudices of the Parisians who come to La Salle Rivoli.

On the question of singing I owe a debt to Mr. Sankey. I learned of him how to get the maximum of sound from an audience : it is by often repeating the first verse ; and it is marvelous how we get even the poor old women to shout the praises of God. Often they drown my voice.

Spiritually, we have some encouragement. Let me give one case. An artisan who had completed his military service came to Paris (the devouring monster) expecting to find work. The poor fellow went from shop to shop, only to meet a refusal, or read "No one need apply to-day," until he was reduced to abject poverty. Shoeless, ragged, with hair uncombed and beard growing wild, he looked like the wandering Jew, only he did not, like the Jew, always find five cents in his pocket.

One night before seeking his bed under a bridge, or under the counter of a milkman, who takes in lodgers at two cents a night (and who have to turn out at four a. m., when the milk cans arrive), he came to Salle Rivoli. I was preaching on Jesus the workingman's friend, and said : "That His interest towards the wrecks of society was shown by Christian sympathy towards men

who were in despair. So that in His name we can command the helpless sons of despair to walk."

On the 26th of March I received a card from him to say he was in the hospital. I went at once to see him; he referred to my address, and said: "I am in despair—a drunkard, ruined, lost, done up—*fini!* Will you save me, as you said on Tuesday?" "*Topez là*" (that is, shake hands) "on two conditions. Take care of your health; don't touch wine or spirits; trust to me, and when you leave the hospital come and see me." So he did. He was in a pitiable state—dirty, ragged, in need of everything. I took him first to a bath, then to the hair dresser, and afterwards to a clothier. It took me four weeks to get him even a modest situation as stoker in a public institution.

On May 1st, I received a letter from him saying: "I am now in a situation, and while I remain here I cannot attend the meetings. Will you kindly tell Mr. Brown, and explain my absence? I often repeat the words: O God, you are ready to pardon, but first we must humble ourselves, and the most unworthy are then the most welcome." So G. is spiritually convalescent.

V. VANDER BECKEN.

I have just found G. at our meeting at Puteaux. As I entered the room there he sat with good clothes and a ruddy face. Not only does he attend our meetings in Puteaux, but also the Church services. And M. Jean Meyer promised to look after him.

I imagine that now he is in a good situation, earning seven francs a day, he is ashamed to come back to the place where he found friends to care for him. So he is a wreck afloat again, and he is a proof of what the Gospel can do and has done for him.

S. R. BROWN.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS in the death of Mrs. Martha S. Pomeroy, on February 24th, last, the Washington Auxiliary of the McAll Mission has lost its honored and beloved First Vice-President, therefore,

*Resolved*, That Mrs. Pomeroy's personal qualities together with her profound and untiring interest in the work of the McAll Mission, as well as in all foreign missions, have caused her removal by death from among us to be felt as a great loss to the Society, and a personal loss to each member of it.

*Resolved*, That we extend our sincere and loving sympathy to her bereaved family and immediate friends, with a copy of these resolutions.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27.

Transmitted by (Mrs. Geo. P.) Lillian C. Whittlesey, Sec'y Washington Auxiliary.

## PROGRESS OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

A few facts on this subject just now offer very special interest. On November 1st last was consecrated at Dijon a handsome Protestant church or temple—the first, strange to say, possessed by the capital of Burgundy. The Edict of Nantes did not authorize Protestant churches in provincial capitals, or *chefs-lieux de baillage*. Hence, the Huguenots of Dijon and its neighborhood were compelled to attend service at Is-sur-Tille, a little town, fifteen miles off. In 1685 came the Revocation, that political crime which, in the words of the first French historian living, “literally decapitated France, depriving the country of its moral, intellectual and commercial *élite*.” All places of worship dedicated to the Reformed religion were razed to the ground, and whole villages were terrorized into abjuration. For 150 years the enemies of religious tolerance might, indeed, flatter themselves that they had uprooted Nonconformity throughout the Côte d’Or. Sixty years ago, however, there settled at Dijon a group of French Protestants from Alsace, chiefly artisans. The tiny nucleus increased amazingly—magistrates, military men, professors and others swelling the ranks. In 1839 both State and municipality came forward. Dijon was named *chef-lien d’un consistoire*, and an elegant little chapel of the Hôtel de Ville, formerly the ducal palace, was assigned to Protestant worship.

But mark the change wrought within the space assigned to two generations. On November 1st last, when, for the first time in Dijonnais history, the bell of a Protestant church mingled with the sound of others, between seven and eight hundred responded to the summons, and simple as is the ceremony of consecration in the Reformed Church—a mere laying of the Bible on the pulpit and taking possession in the name of that church—ecclesiastical pomp could add nothing to its impressiveness.

The church is mainly due to the legacy of an Alsatian lady, but gifts have been added, a retired army captain presenting the bell. A presbytery and schools are in course of erection. The Town Council of Dijon, with the munificence and impartiality we are accustomed to expect from French public bodies, has made a free gift of the site. I add, for the benefit of English tourists, that the new temple is only a stone’s throw from the Hôtel de la Cloche, and that they will be cordially welcomed within its precincts.

But this consecration is by no means an isolated fact—no mere straw showing which way the wind blows. Just two days before a similar ceremony on a smaller scale had taken place at Bourg-en-Bresse, the little town so fantastically transformed by Matthew Arnold into a valley. Here the new church occupied the site of the old—the first temple erected in that neighborhood and burnt to the ground in 1619. And still they come, these welcome signs of a great Protestant revival throughout the length and breadth of France. On November



22d was consecrated a new church at La Bergerie (Charante Inferieure), and a few days later the temple of Batignolles, Paris. If we glance at the Protestant agenda or calendar of last year, we find that no less than twelve new places of worship were inaugurated between January and December of 1897—schools, of course, being attached to each spiritual centre. New accredited organs must also be taken into account, one and all ever displaying the highest moral tone. Thus we find the modest little *Protestant* (September 4, 1897,) raising its voice against the horrible increase of bull-fighting in southern France, an amusement which, although strictly illegal, is not only winked at, but patronized by representatives of the government. Adherents to the cause of temperance are stoutly rallied by Protestant organs, and on this head no less an authority than M. Fouillée writes: "It is greatly to be regretted that the clergy (French Roman Catholic) make no effort to repress the progress of drunkenness." The noble attitude of French Protestants in the Dreyfus case need not be emphasized here.—*M. Betham-Edwards, in London Times.*

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#### AN AMERICAN PASTOR IN PARIS.

REV. S. J. FISHER, D. D.

Crossing the channel, we found ourselves simply conscious of a different race not only in tongue, but manners and ideas, religious and otherwise. France is so well cultivated, so busy, so economical, and its people so self-amusing; but one wishes there were a deeper and more evangelical faith pervading society. The Sabbath is so devoted to pleasure seeking, and often to direct business, that we could not help asking how far Romanism really dominated the masses. We greatly enjoyed the service in the American church in the Rue de Berri, where we heard a good sermon by Rev. Dr. Nason, of Germantown, who has been exchanging for several months with Rev. Dr. Thumber. The pastor of this church seeks to befriend and welcome all Americans and the weekly reception at his house is made free to all sojourners or strangers.

I took my way in the early evening to one of the McAll Mission halls, that near the Madeleine, and though the congregation was not very large and the service in a comparative unknown tongue, the fervor, earnestness, simplicity and melody were delightful. The addresses were models of direct and unpretentious speech, conversational in tone and delivered with the vivacity and expression which makes an educated Parisian a natural orator. The Mission Hall (or Conference, as its flaming lights designate it) stands a little back from the street, and on either side of its entrance were cafes, in front of which the sidewalk was crowded with men and women at little tables. In that little room an attempt was being made to leaven the great city with the Gospel.

It seemed a tremendous task ; but the quiet faith and earnestness of the mission workers was beautiful. The leader spoke afterwards of the summer heat lessening the attendance, but found a recompense in the greater familiarity and freedom of the smaller assembly. Christ's kingdom never came permanently with observation, and even now there are strong yet quiet influences at work in France to help her to the truth as it is in Jesus. Miss Betham-Edwards, in a recent article in the *Westminster Review*, says that the drift toward Protestantism all through France is increasing. She says that not a week passes but some priest abandons Romanism, and frequently curés deliver a sad and affectionate farewell to their congregations, announcing their new belief. All of this is without hope of gain, and many of these converts are driven to strange methods for self-support. One cultivated priest has earned a livelihood by composing Latin epitaphs and inscriptions, and others teach as opportunity offers. Under such circumstances the genuineness of a conversion which leads them from comparative ease to great uncertainty can not be questioned, and we may hope the sincerity will touch many to whom they have long been the only spiritual guides.

France has had no nobler page in her history than that of her Reformed faith, her sublime earnestness of the Huguenots, the whitest flowers in her chaplet, the noblest heroes in her splendid past—those strong, earnest and consecrated hearts, who honored her more than Louis XIV. or XVI., or even Napoleon. Even in modern times some of her best leaders and writers have been earnestly Protestant, and Guizot, De Pressensé, Bersier and others sweeten her literature and her higher life. Strange as it may seem, the greater proportion of men in high and trusted positions, called to especial responsibility, are of the Reformed or Protestant faith, and yet not strange, for the true creed breeds upright men and honors intelligence and broadens character, and makes genuine citizens and truest patriots.

Within a few years a fine building has been erected for the Y. M. C. A. of Paris, and a great work planned. To its completion many Americans have contributed, especially those merchants who have partners residing here, like Shillito and Wanamaker, who learn to care for the great multitude of youth, some of whom are Americans, who make this gay capital their home. The quiet influence of such an Association may touch some careless one and save a soul from death.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

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Once again we would remind our readers of the twelve booklets published by the Association, and of their peculiar fitness in form and contents for use in correspondence. Send for a dollar's worth. Keep them on your desk, and enclose the right ones in your letters to friends.

## THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

[From *The Christian*.]

There is an intense interest in following the evangelistic career through Europe of the Irish saints in early times. At the close of the sixth century Columbanus was seized with a strong desire to bring the Gospel to France. Quitting Lough Erne with twelve Irish companions, he landed on its shores, the country at that time being sunk in immorality. Their character and ministry soon became known and appreciated, and "crowds flocked to the Irish teachers to learn the secret of a pure and happy life." (Stokes' *Celtic Church*).

Not a few of the French people of to-day are learning this "secret of a pure and happy life" from their own fellow-countrymen, evangelists, colporteurs, and pastors; but, it is lamentable to add, there is a general conspiracy of hate on the part of the abettors of the politico-religious system prevailing towards Bibles, tracts, and the preaching of the pure and simple Gospel; and this in gross violation of the principles of its Republican Government.

It is a remarkable fact that in many villages and towns in Central Western Departments, there is a waking up to the consciousness of the little there is in the Roman Catholic system as it displays itself amongst the people in its present workings, to meet the cravings of their never-dying souls; and they hail the arrival of evangelists in their midst.

The following narrative illustrates the interest of the people, the Christian spirit of the evangelists, and the un-Christian spirit of some (happily we can add not all) of the Curés.

The evangelists obtained from the municipality of St. A. the large hall of the Mairie, and the Curé hearing of it announced his intention of putting in an appearance to *Ecraser les Protestants* (crush the Protestants). This was permitted him; thus there were to be three speakers. The population of St. A. and its environs flocked to the Mairie half an hour before the time, waiting for the opening of the doors.

"I own," says Mr. G., "I trembled at the responsibility which was about to rest on us, and Mr. F. and myself recommended ourselves to God, and then mounted to the assault. We began by explaining what true religion was, who we were, and why we preach the Gospel. Then we gave the word to Mons. le Curé, and he spoke as follows:—

"The Methodists that you come to hear, gentlemen and ladies, tell you they are Frenchmen. Well, there is one cry they have omitted to put forth; it is that which I invite you to utter with me—Vive l'Armée. Ah! the army; this army that we love; this army for which we make so many sacrifices; this army which protects the modest laborer, which favors commerce. They betray it, your Methodists, they sold it to the Germans in 1870. Do you want

a proof? Here is a *carte de visite* of one who dares to call himself agent of the *Société Biblique Britannique et Etrangère* (British and Foreign Bible Society). You understand, my dear friends. 'Britannique'—that is to say, English; 'Etrangère'—that is to say, German. What would you say if I told you that this said Society disposed of a budget of fifty millions?

"He continued for half an hour in this style, mixing the most perfidious insinuations with the basest calumnies, speaking absolutely nothing but politics, and of subjects fitted to awaken the anger of his hearers. However, they cried out, 'Mons. le Curé, speak to us of religion at this time.' Again and again the tumult drowned his voice, whilst when we began our reply, they warmly cheered us. At the end of the Curé's discourse, he was visibly embarrassed. He sought for words, coughed and blew his nose. Then he began to read an interminable article in a newspaper—this to gain time, and, at length, to escape.

"But being decided not to leave the auditory under an impression so little edifying, I mounted the tribune after him, and said, 'Gentlemen, we have come amongst you to speak only of religion, and God is my witness we never intended to make the least remark about political matters. Mons. le Curé has not observed this reserve, and now I am obliged to defend myself against these imputations and to follow him on the ground he has taken; on him lies the responsibility. We cry, as strongly as he, "*Vive l'Armée*," for we love the army, and we have proved it in satisfying the military law of our country. One of us, the *colporteur*, whom Mons. le Curé has so cowardly attacked, has served for sixteen years as *adjutant*, and retired from service with the best testimonies of his chiefs. As to Mons. le Curé, who cries so loud "*Vive l'Armée*," I am sure he never carried a gun. He brings affirmations without one proof. Let him show one case where Protestants have betrayed their country.' I was about to proceed, when, boiling with rage, he rushed towards me and cried out, 'You are a friend of Dreyfus.' These words unloosed a storm. We exhorted our auditors to be quiet, but in vain. The noise increased, and the Curé, rubbing his hands, exclaimed, 'My friends, let us conclude, we have been long enough here.'

"This day has been a good day for us on account of all the sympathy we have gained. We were very warmly applauded; he had a few cheers, but a great number of groans.

"We only employed courteous and Christian words, avoiding everything wounding. We were accosted with such words as *salutists* (Salvationists), *traîtres* (traitors), and *vendus* (paid). But intelligent people like the French are quite able to draw their own conclusions; words go with them a very little way; the clergy fail to see that they are doing themselves a deal of harm; but such weapons against Gospel preaching are used *ad nauseam* over the country." G. P.

## MISS BEACH'S LETTERS.

No. 10.

Feb. 16, 1878. Miss Beach, with the other ladies of the household, went to Notre Dame to attend the "service for the repose of his Holiness' spirit" (Pius IX). After standing in a dense crowd outside the church for three hours and a half, they failed to gain admission, and though later in the day they returned to Notre Dame, hoping to see the decorations, they found that no one "was allowed to go in and see anything." As soon as the officials had passed, the police compelled all to leave even the vicinity of the cathedral.

"We had a fine view of the exterior of Notre Dame," she adds, "and shall be able to remember it and our experience that day as long as we live."

Two days later another mass for the Pope was celebrated at the Madeleine. At this service they secured seats and were able to see and hear. "The walls were draped with black. Near the ceiling the black drapery was relieved by two broad bands of white. Between these were arranged palm branches of silver cloth. Behind the high altar was a large cross of the same material on the background of black cloth. The altar was beautifully decorated with black bands embroidered with silver, and brilliant with candles.

"In the centre of the church was a large catafalque covered with black velvet dotted with silver stars. Around this burned several rows of large candles, and on either side, in large silver basins, something which, in burning, gave a pale green flame. Over the catafalque, from the ceiling, was suspended a large crown adorned with silver crosses and stars, while from it floated almost to the floor black draperies which were caught back to the sides of the church.

"The whole effect was very fine.

"There is a large choir of men and boys. The music was admirable. It richly repaid me for the hours of waiting.

"Feb. 19. To-day I am going to the Baptist church on the other side of the river. Thursday we all went to the Sorbonne to hear a lecture. The professor spoke very distinctly, and I was much interested. I shall try to follow the course, as the subject is just what I need at present—'French literature at the close of the 18th and the first half of the present century.'

"I shall attend a third, by M. Guizot, on English literature. All these lectures are free, and many ladies go to them. The students are admitted first, and afterward as many as the room will accommodate. It is a long walk, but I do not mind that when I am as well as usual. The Sorbonne is a forlorn old building. The lecture room we went into looks like a relic of the dark ages. The Collège de France, near by, is much more modern.

"Yesterday I went to Bois de Colombes, one of the suburbs, to see an



English friend. Mrs. S. and little Edith were very glad to see me. Mrs. S. speaks no French, and consequently lives almost like a hermit. I made the tour of the garden, and was surprised to see the peas planted and the strawberry vines green and flourishing. The grass is quite green, and the buds on the trees are swelling. Don't begin to sigh for the climate of this part of France. We have not had more than four clear days since the first of January. There have been occasional hours of sunshine sprinkled along the course of the dark days, but sunshine has been the exception.

"Feb. 25. I went yesterday to the Baptist chapel. I found a pleasant audience-room upstairs and a congregation of perhaps two hundred people. I was very sorry not to hear M. Lepord, the pastor. The preacher was a young man with the unfortunate habit of dropping his voice at the close of his sentences. I lost many words, and sometimes so much that I found it difficult to keep the connection. The difficulty was increased by the fact that several poor women had brought their babies, and the latter tried to express their sentiments aloud. Don't think I was annoyed by the children; I was delighted that these poor mothers could hear a few words of consolation. I think we are too particular in this matter.

"March 3. I am studying as hard as possible this month to gain a little time for some excursions, on foot, in the suburbs of the city, when the weather becomes a little brighter. I want to see Vincennes, the old Abbey of St. Denis, the porcelain manufactories at Sèvres, and other places of interest.

"Thursday I attended another lecture at the Sorbonne. There is such a crowd at the door that there is quite a scramble for seats, and the platform is crowded. If the government is not too poor, I hope there will be some new seats shortly. The present benches are simply narrow boards, without backs, which one finds slightly uncomfortable by the close of the hour. The lecture was interesting, and I intended to hear the one following, on the life and works of Voltaire, but was prevented by accepting an invitation to dine at Prof. C's.

"Yesterday was 'Mardi-gras,' the day before the beginning of Lent, formerly the grand day of the carnival. The streets were then filled with masquers, who gave themselves up to the wildest revelry, in preparation for 'the mortification of the flesh' which they were to endure for the next forty days. Since the war the people have not cared to celebrate in this way. I saw very little to remind one of the excesses of the past. Quite a number of small boys promenaded the streets, wearing masks and deafening the passers with their horns, and a few adults showed themselves in costume. The 28th of March, Mid-Lent, brings the festival of the wash-women and market-women, and there are processions and in the evening a masked ball at the Grand

Opera, when people take a vacation from austerities to gain strength and courage to finish the Lenten season.

"March 20. Madame de Lisle has gone to England for a few weeks. The teacher left us Saturday, to our great joy. I never saw a person more untruthful. We have learned that she was expelled from the convent where she was last a teacher. We did not any of us understand her real character at first, she was so humble and quiet, but her humility proved to be like that of Uriah Heep.

"I have told you that this apartment is between two courts; consequently, we never see the sun and have very little fresh air. Madame de W. is trying to find another apartment, which will be less damp.

"March 26. Sunday afternoon when I started for church the sun was shining, but I had traversed only half the distance, when down came a shower of rain. Passing the Parc Monceau on my return, two hours later, the grass was completely covered with snow. I describe the weather that you may see that our New England climate is not as much worse than in other parts of the world, as we are sometimes tempted to believe.

"In the afternoon M. Bersier exchanged with the pastor of one of the largest Protestant churches in the city, M. Decoppet. His subject was 'The Gift of Eternal Life.' I have seldom heard a more interesting sermon on the joys of Heaven. It was not in the vein of 'Gates Ajar,' but I did not enjoy it the less on that account.

"March 27. In the evening Madame de W. tells us a story in French. Last night she gave us the substance of a very amusing play. She has been such a student of good literature that she has a large vocabulary, and tells a story admirably.

"Everything is moving along quietly in the political world. The French are paying their debts, and do not talk of repudiation.

"Everyone is talking of the danger of an insurrection in India. Poor England is far from tranquil.

"How many of you are coming to the Exposition? We shall be ready to receive you the 15th of May. The buildings are almost finished. A season ticket will cost a hundred francs, a single entrance, one franc.

"March 31. Congratulate me that this apartment is let!

"April 1. This morning I have been very busy for Madame de W., but the time was not lost, as I had the opportunity to hear and to talk French.

"It was so damp I feared she would be sick again if she ventured out, so I went for her to her lawyer's office, to the Bank of France, and to the landlord's house.

"April 3. I think I told you Madame de W. tells a story to 'her

children' every evening. She gave us yesterday the history of her maternal grandmother, who was a Polish lady.

"She was married at the age of seventeen to a nobleman who owned a chateau and a large estate near the capital. The people decided to make an effort to regain their liberty. Thirty or forty noblemen had assembled one evening at this chateau to make the final arrangements, when they were surprised by Russian troops, who had surrounded the house. Snow covered the ground to the depth of several feet, and the wind blew fiercely. Without regard to the weather, the conspirators were hurried out of the warm rooms, thrown on sledges like so many dogs, and started on their long journey to Siberia. Not having been allowed the time to throw a cloak over their shoulders, many of them perished long before their destination was reached, among them Madame de W.'s grandfather.

"The young wife and mother was also driven out of the house with her little babe only six months old, and never afterward entered that home.

"She sought refuge that night among the peasants attached to the estate, and the next day found a home with a friend in Vienna. The baby died from the exposure on that terrible night, and so the young widow was left alone. The court physician, a native of Holland, was also the family physician of her hostess. In his visits he was attracted by the beauty and intelligence of the young widow, and interested in her sad story. He was wealthy. Soon he offered her a home, which she gladly accepted. After some years he returned to Holland. Their children were educated at Paris, where Madame de W.'s mother became acquainted with her husband, a French count, a descendant of one of the most illustrious families of the ancient régime.

"Madame is very simple and natural in manner. There is no effort to impress others with a sense of her superiority."

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## RELATION BETWEEN THE MISSION HALLS AND THE CHURCH.

PASTOR FRANCOIS DUMAS.

The Church and the Mission are meant to help and sustain one another, each completing the other.

I am one of those who look upon the work instituted by Mr. McAll as a true invention. It is well to have halls open upon the street, where those who pass may enter and go out with equal facility, halls attractive but very simple when nothing will alarm the timidity of the poorly clad, and nothing arouse the hostility that certain others feel towards religion. It is good to have meetings where hymns of lively rhythm, truly popular hymns are sung; where familiar talks plainly spoken and simple in thought, are given by speakers separated

only but an interval from their auditors—where the elementary principles of Christianity are presented to the people. This is the way to make the Gospel accessible to all without diminishing its power, it is the way to make it penetrate the masses. The method has, moreover, been well tried and has given proof of its good results.

But when in your meetings you shall have been able, by the grace of God, to bring some souls to Jesus Christ, when men and women become converted—what will you do with them? They cannot continue satisfied with the meetings of the Mission Halls. If you wish these converts to make progress or even to be steadfast in the faith, you must necessarily bring them to worship, and be received into the Church.

The question was put to some proselytes, converts of the Mission, who were received a few months ago into our Church: which do you prefer: the popular mission meeting, or the Sunday? the reply has been: the church service. If you are surprised, if you ask why this preference? I reply by telling you what these converts appreciate in the Church which they have joined.

First they appreciate the temple, the edifice especially consecrated to prayer and reflection—the building where all recall the fact that here one must put away the ordinary preoccupations of life and lift up his soul towards God. They appreciate the divine service. In the popular meetings Mr. McAll desired and he was right—that prayer should be offered only at the close, prayer is the final act and as it were the completion of all that has been said and done in the evening. At church we begin by confessing our sins to God by adoration, by giving thanks for all his graciousness. They feel that they are rendering to him a true worship.

They appreciate even the sermon, yes, the slower, more solemn speech that falls from the pulpit suits them. It seems natural that the pastor, who is both the representative of God and the organ of the community, shall be robed in a special costume that emphasizes the solemnity of his functions, and speak with an authority that impresses his appeals and exhortations on the attention of the faithful.

Moreover they appreciate the Lord's supper, instituted by Jesus Christ, which is the sacred reunion of his disciples; it is there, at the holy table, that they find him—that they are united to him, and draw closer the tie that joins them to each other. There more and better than anywhere else is realized the fraternity which is so much vaunted, and that so rarely exists. These are some of the reasons, and there are others—for which you must draw your converts to the Church. The Mission will have her reward in this, for it will have the satisfaction of seeing its converts develop, grow in faith, becoming useful servants and the church, also, will find her reward, for she needs to gather in recruits

without ceasing in order to keep alive. She can only be supported herself, especially in our large cities, but by continued action and conquest.

This is so true that all living churches become necessarily missionary workers, each mission conducted with a real care for the attainment of the true goal either really to obtain the foundation of a church, or to ally itself with a neighboring Church. There are, moreover, many ways of regulating these relations between the Mission and the Church. I feel in speaking on the subject something of the sentiment that I have come to feel in speaking of charity, to describe, analyse charity, even the least movement of true charity is more precious and in far, more fruitful than the finest discourse on charity. Thus, to reason on the relations of the Church and Mission, to determine their boundaries, indicate how one passes from one to the other—that may be done, but the least bit of true missionary zeal of faith and Christian love, is worth more than all the theories.

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#### THE "BON MESSENGER" IN NORMANDY.

Work was begun at Pont-de-l'Arche in the early spring, and continued for four weeks. Then Criquebeuf, Elbeuf, and a suburb of Elbeuf, Orival, were visited.

The work was carried on by the pastors of the district, and M. Baumgartner, a well-known manufacturer at Fleury-sur-Andelles, spoke several times on the Boat.

The condition of the district is a sad one, as will be seen in Pastor Cerisier's article on the increased drunkenness in another part of this number. The Protestant Churches at Elbeuf, the Reformed and Lutheran, have a constituency of about 1200 in all, including children. The indifference that prevails, and the low moral tone, makes the work of the pastors very difficult, and far from encouraging. The visit of the Boat was the means of arousing interest in not a few of the nominal Protestants, who never condescend to enter the church, and whose religion seems to consist in not going to any place of worship! Many attended the meetings, and after the departure of the Boat, M. Gambier carried on a weekly meeting at Criquebeuf, where hitherto there has been no regular meeting.

Here there was a good deal of opposition from the mayor of the place, who is a staunch Catholic, and who organized a series of demonstrations against the meetings. The people came well, however, though a certain number were frightened away by the hostility shown at headquarters, and by the opposition of the priests.

The pastors beg that the Boat may be sent to Elbeuf again in the autumn, when they hope to carry on a regular work of evangelization in the city. There is a population of some 40,000 there, and all along the valley of the Seine the opportunities for preaching the Gospel are very great.



# RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES.

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MAINE, \$241.00.		NEW JERSEY, \$1910.76.	
Bath Auxiliary . . . . .	\$74 00	Elizabeth Auxiliary . . . . .	\$941 01
Portland " . . . . .	170 00	Morristown " . . . . .	131 25
MASSACHUSETTS, \$1744.35.		Newark " . . . . .	50 00
Amherst Auxiliary . . . . .	\$100 00	New Brunswick Auxiliary . . . . .	286 50
Audover " . . . . .	6 50	Orange " . . . . .	445 00
Boston " . . . . .	236 25	Trenton " . . . . .	57 00
" " —Legacy from Miss		PENNSYLVANIA, \$1958.29.	
Deborah Carleton . . . . .	750 31	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary . . . . .	\$85 00
Easthampton Auxiliary . . . . .	36 61	Delaware Water Gap—Mrs. W. P. Foster . . . . .	25 00
Ipswich—South Church . . . . .	5 00	Easton Auxiliary . . . . .	135 00
Lowell—S. Robitschek . . . . .	8 00	Harrisburg—Miss Caroline Pearson, in memory of Miss Julia Pearson . . . . .	100 00
Newtonville—Central Congl. Church . . . . .	10 00	Oxford Auxiliary . . . . .	49 40
Northampton Auxiliary . . . . .	36 75	Philadelphia Auxiliary . . . . .	307 35
Pittsfield " . . . . .	52 50	Pittsburgh and Allegheny Auxiliary . . . . .	946 39
Salem " . . . . .	186 00	Scranton Auxiliary . . . . .	115 00
Springfield " . . . . .	48 00	Wilkes-Barre " . . . . .	177 00
Whitinsville—Mr. Edward Whitin . . . . .	50 00	Williamsport " . . . . .	18 15
Worcester Auxiliary . . . . .	218 40	DELAWARE, \$302.00.	
CONNECTICUT, \$707.38.		DuPont Memorial . . . . .	\$225 00
Greenwich—Mrs. F. Higgins . . . . .	\$5 00	Wilmington Auxiliary . . . . .	77 00
" Mrs. Sidney Lanier . . . . .	10 00	MARYLAND, \$1101.75.	
Hartford Auxiliary . . . . .	350 48	Baltimore Auxiliary . . . . .	\$1401 75
New Britain " . . . . .	105 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$315.00.	
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Windsor Locks Auxiliary . . . . .	150 00	Cincinnati Auxiliary . . . . .	\$210 00
RHODE ISLAND, \$200.00.		Cleveland " . . . . .	220 50
Rhode Island Auxiliary . . . . .	\$200 00	Dayton " . . . . .	211 25
NEW YORK, \$5502.20.		Springfield " . . . . .	58 71
Albany Auxiliary . . . . .	\$320 00	Wooster—Prof. H. G. Behotgny . . . . .	10 00
Brooklyn Auxiliary . . . . .	602 80	KENTUCKY, \$37 17.	
Buffalo " . . . . .	300 40	Louisville Auxiliary . . . . .	\$37 17
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Utica—Mrs. C. W. Darling . . . . .	25 00	CANADA, \$100.00.	
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I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the  
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I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following  
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